

## Paint Me Back Home In Wyoming

Chris LeDoux

She was painting a picture of slum life when the cowboy came limping by  
Wearing tattered old boots with one sole gone and a far away look in his eye  
Well he watched for a while as she painted and then he said mam a you surely paint well  
Yes you got all this on your canvas the dirt the squalor and the hell  
Well she asked to paint him in the setting ah but he shook his head slowly and low  
He said naw I wont fit your picture unless you can paint be back home  
Can you paint me back home in Wyoming riding free neath the big sky above  
Free as the wind on the prairie out in the hills that I love  
I long to get back to Wyoming and I've hoped all these years that I can  
Please paint me back home on your canvas paint me back in Wyoming again

Well I never claimed this festured city  
You know I was raised on a ranch out in the west  
I spent my young years bustin' horses and boy they said I could ride with the best  
So I came here to Madison Square Garden to ride in the big rodeo  
Ah but I got stepped on and all crippled up and chute bronc bustin' is all I know  
Ah boy if I could just get back to Wyoming I wouldn't feel so alone  
Ah but the pain is too much for the roamin' so please can you paint me back home  
Can you paint me back home in Wyoming...